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Forness Folk,

THE'R SAYIN'S AN' DEWIN'S;

OR,

SKETCHES OF LIFE
AND CHARACTER IN LONSDALE NORTH
OF THE SANDS.

BE ROGER PIKETAH.

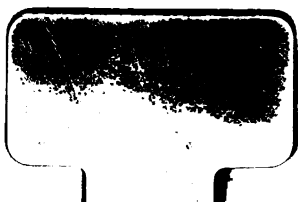
"Come sit thy ways down an' gie us thy crack."
Old Song.

LONDON: JOHN RUSSELL SMITH.
CARLISLE: GEO. COWARD.
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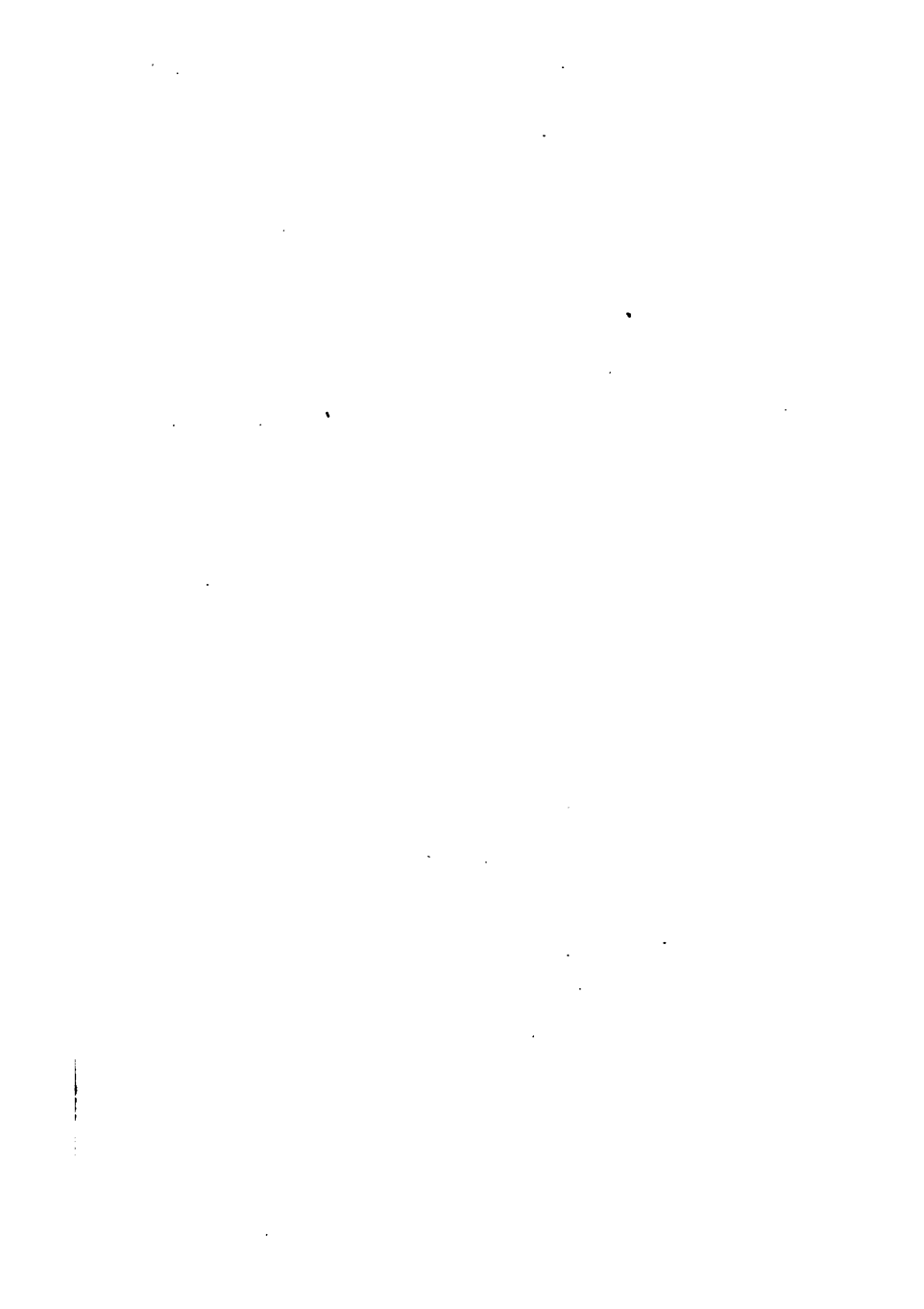
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P R E F A C E .

THE quaint old characters of Furness are fast dying out. Two or three are still in existence, hearty octogenarians, and "gay good 'uns at suppin' poddish" yet, as they take care to inform you.

Teeming with fun, and brim-full of native wit, they are always ready to draw upon their vast fund of local anecdote and history for the amusement of their listeners, detailing names, places, dates, and circumstances with surprising minuteness. To hear one of these honest old fellows "spinning a yarn," (and their tales generally crop up in conversation appropriate to the subject, without the least effort,) is a great treat.

The natural dramatic power, the energetic gesticulation, the accompanying wink or nod, the clear ringing voice, and the sparkling eye, as memory recalls the actual occurrence he is relating, are irresistible. Then, the rich broad

dialect, going out of fashion it is to be feared, even among natives, is worth everything.

These mirth-provoking old men, with their faculties and senses so clear at "sebbenty-eight," excite our admiration and wonder, and they tell you their fathers lived to "aboon ninety, an' nivver ail'd a thing." So much for simple, temperate, active lives. In the days of our grandfathers, when in remote country places the chief amusement in the long winter evenings was sitting in the chimney "neakk," over the peat or turf fire, what excellent company was the man who could tell a good tale, and how eagerly every one looked forward to a "crack" with him! It is with a view of rescuing from oblivion some of these stories, that the following sketches of life and character in Furness have been written, many of which, though familiar to a few now living, will be new to the next generation. No claim is made for originality, or any apology for what is old. A good tale will bear twice telling, if not spoiled in serving up. Whether that is the case in the present instance or not, we leave our readers to judge.

R. P.

October, 1870.

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AMANG
T' ROWNDHEEADS.

AMANG T' ROWNDHEEADS.



A fine summer day I thowt I'd gang
ooer Kirby Moor an' see for mesell
what mak o' folk they wor i' thor
parts, an' leeak at the'r girt sleatt quarries an'
company. I set off by t' Gillbanks efter I'd
suppt me poddish i' t' mornin', an' fadged
away up Gamswell, ooer a terble knoppy
rooad till I began to think it wos langsome
and dreesome beath, but efter a bit I landt
at top o' Hasty Gill Brow.

I rested a lile bit, for I's gittin rayder puffy
ye knā, and wiped sweet off me feass wi' a
hankutcher, and leeakt o' rownd an' square,
aboon and belah. Shanky-naggy's nearly out
o' fashun now, or else meny a body amang t'
better end i' Ooston I thowt mud finnd a
benefit if they nobbut wod come up here i'
good time i' t' mornin' isteead o' neslan abed
till neann varra neear. Thar isn't a finer seet

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anywhārs ner that 'un—I doat care whār it is. Bonny lile Ooston ligs as snug as owt can be at t' boddom, an' away past it thar's t' seeah an' swarms o' gulls, wi' vessels, an' Chapel Island, an' Lancaster Moor at t' other side o' t' watter. Thar's t' Barrow monniment a top o' Hoad o' yā side, an' t' Priory Park an' woods at t' other, an' ivvery house i' t' town as plain ye may amaist leeak down t' chimleys. I've heeard tell o' t' sublime an' ridikulous cummin' varra near tul yan anudder, but I dudn't think it wod ha' dun sooa here.

I thowt o' aad Jim Dyson, an' I lafft till I varra near brost mysel, an' me sides wor seear. Aad Jim gat ont' spree yance at t' Black Bull, an' when he sud a setten off yam he sed t' rooad wos sooa dree it leeakt at 'em cruelly. Yā fella sed it wos nowt; he cud wheel enny mañ leeving ower it, and wod dew it for five shillin'. "Done," sez Jim, "I'll tak the'," an' t' bargain was meadd. A weight o' folk seed them start, an' a fine hake ther' was, ye may depend on't. Jim hed suppt a conny lot, but he wos nin soft, an' he kept middlin' wyat till they gat clooass tull Gamswell. At last they com tull Hasty Gill, an' t' fella fund t' barrow a sayrious

weight, an' he want't Jim to git owt and walk up t' brow, but Jim wodn't. "Nay, nay," he sed, "a bargin's a bargin. I'll be wheelt o' t' way into Kirby or I'll pay nowt, net a farden piece." Sooa t' silly fella hed to dew it, an' a rare toke it meadd at t' time—aad Jim ewst ta brag terbly a lang while efter, that he wos t' furst man 'at hed been wheelt ower t' fell in a barrow. Poor aad Jim! T' last time I seed him he toked about gaain tull Amerika, an' he's aboon seventy. "What ye knà," he sed, "I sall nobbut be a fortneeth aalder enny way." Sec breks folk hed wi' 'em sometimes. Yance ower a off-cum chap at t' Punch Bowl wod twitch some yars owt o' Jim nooaz end wi' a par o' tweezers, an' he let him dew it. Efter t' man hed done Jim ext him if he want't owt mair wi' him.

I seean went by Horass farm an' gat to t' beck at Harlock. It ewst ta gang accross t' rooad yā while, but they've gitten it cuvvert in now, an' a lile lah brig ower it. I yance heeard a teel tel't abowt t' aad possty 'at woked atween Ooston and Whiteheeven yance ower 'at leet on a lile lad at this varra beck. T' lile lad hed a cofe in a helter, an' wos

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tryin his best ta git it oover t' beck, but it woddent gang, sooa he ext posty to blah behint in t' lug on't, an' mappen that wod flay it. T' lad was on t' steppin steanns, an' t' aad man meadd a girt blast wi' t' horn o' on a suddent wi' sic fooarce 'at beeaast loup clean down t' poo, an' draggt lad in t' watter. He hisk't when he went in, but as seean es he pickt hissel up he sed, "Duz ta co' that'un a likely blah for a cofe? It wos big enuff for a bull, thou!" Yance oover, when t' meeda wos nin draynt, an' t' watter ewst ta gedder terbly atween Raadmoss an' Harlock i' a girt poo, a chap gat intul a cow tub, an' thowte he wod just hev a bit of a ride, an' push hissel wi' a stick. Efter a bit he com i' contact wi' t' middle o' t' beck whār t' stream wos ganging at a cruel speed, sooa he hed a sharpish time on it in t' dub, for he fund hissel wesh't oover three fields varra seann, an' t' sapheead rooart owt for help. A hind at wark a bit off com up an' showt't to t' fella i' t' tub ta ex him whār he com frae. "Frae Raadmoss, i' England," t' chap sed. "Seavv me!"

I wrowte away oover t' moor now, passin by spots whaar folk hed greavvt toppins an'

spread 'em to dry. It's a wild leeakin pleass, wi' nowt but ling an' moss, an' mowdy-warp hills, an' pissimire nests, an' dodderin girse, an' brakens—varra thin pickin' for owt at hes to leeve on't. Ther' wos jenny-spinners, girse-hoppers, an' midges, an' bees bumman about i' thowsands. I cud see t' Dudden belah, an' Millom, an' Black Cowmb, as plain as a pictur. It leeakt nobbut a cat-loup, efter o', intul Millom. Behint yā corner o' Black Cowmb, reet in t' seea, ther's a lang crag stickin' up, an' frae what I'd heeard tell, I thowt it mud be t' Isle o' Man.

T' rooad wos o' down bank now, sooa I manisht gayly weel; an' when I gat to t' mill at Beckside, I meadd accross t' fields reet away to t' Crah brow, whār t' sleatt office is, an' men skiftin' sleatts owt o' lile waggins intul girt uns on t' railrooad. I gat leeave at t' office to gang up i' t' waggins; an' while they wor gittin riddy I watch'd a chap catchin' eels i' Kirby poo. He whipt 'em owt yan efter anudder as sharp as ivver he cud; yan mud ha' suppooazed t' eels wos waitin the'r torn ta be takken owt. I sa' t' rowm whār o' the'r girt meetins er held; an' a gradely spot, tew,

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for sic like jobs it seem'd. Teetotal chaps hed hed the'r treeat an' yearly meetin', an' o' t' decorashuns were on t' wo's, meakkin a tremendius consarn o' t' inside. A man telt me ta git intul yan o' t' empty waggins, an' ta keep me heead lah down while I went under t' brig a bit up t' incline.

T' waggins set off at a terble reatt, maist like fleein' of owt, an' I seed a reapp pooin' 'em, but nowte else. When we'd gitten abowt hofe way up, I met a lock mair waggins, full o' sleatts, gaan down as fast as if they wor gangin be steeam, an' anudder reapp teed to t' hinder end o' them.

T' lile train seean gat to t' top, an' then a chap i' a sma' wood howse com owt an' dropt a bar reet accross t' line. "Hello! Will," sez I, "how is ta, me lad, an' how's aad Deeavid?" Will stayrt at me a good while, an' sed, "Middlin', how's yersell;" but he dudn't ken me, sooa I thowt I wodn't let on. I ext 'em if he twin'd thor waggins up t' brow wi' a masheen or owt inside his box, and he girmed an' sed, "Nay, nay, barn, I isent quite match to dew that yet." "Wy, then," I sez, "how is it dun?" Sooa Will a-mak a show'd

me how t' full waggins pood t' empty yans up t' incline, and whār t' reapp meadd o' wires went oover t' rollers atween t' rails. "Wy, if that duzzent cap the divvel," sez I, "I nivver seed sic mak' o' wark afooar." I telt 'em I thowt it wos a terble nice spot, an' a good leeak owt tull it ano', and he sed, "Wy, mappen it wos, but it wos rayder o' t' wetttest some-times."

Prizzently I set off heigher up, for ther' wos a bit funder ét gang, but t' waggins duddent run o' t'way that time. I fun' mesell amang heeaps o' rubbish an' brokken steanns, wi' clinkin' an' hammerin' an' rumblin' gaain on o' rownd, but I cuddent see a body anywhars. In abowt five minnits I reeacht t' top, whār lile rails ran abowt ivvery whārs varra near—sum cummin' out o' dark hooals, and gangin' reet across a wide level spot, wi' a lock o' shades evven on t' edge. Ther' was t' bell that co's t' quarry foke to wark, an' tells 'em when ta leeave off; an' I meakk na dowt it sounds plainer at neet than i' t' mornin', if I isent mistacken.

I meead oover to t' forside o' this pleass, past sum girt weighs, and saa o' t' fellas ageeatt.

Lads wos drivin' horses an' waggins owt o' t' tunnels, an' bringin' girt clogs o' stuff to t' chaps i' thor shades as they co' ryvers, to be keckt up reet in front o' them. I'd heeard a deecal o' toke about this ryving job, sooa I teakk partiklar noatis o' yā chap as seem't ta hev it off gayly weel. He layt't owt a girt lump o' mettle, hofe as heigh as hissel, fra his leadd, an' set it up on end, an' then tappt deftly reet accross it fra yan side to t' other, ta scrat a mark like. He hed a queerly sooart o' hammer, wi' a sharp edge at ayder side, an' he streakk ower t' seamm coorse again an' again, liggin' on mair ivv'ry time, till at last it reavv off clean throo, seamm as a bit o' wood. It leeakt varra eeazy, an' I telt 'em sooa. He sed, "Ey, wy, it is ta them at knaas how èt dew it, and hes sarred the'r time tull it." He let me try a lile bit, but I fund it owt it wos nin o' my job, for I wos varra num indeed.

Evven anenst wos a fella sittin' on t' ground, dressin' t' sleatts his mate hed rivven up atop of a thing afooar 'em like a dure screeaper, wi' an' aad carvin' knife or summat o' t' mak, an' he choppt corners off yan end till it wos rownd. I ext 'em what he wos dewin', an' he sed,

Amang t' Rowndheeads. 11

"Meeakin' *Kirby Rowndheeads*, thou, duzzent ta see." "What's ta say," I clappt in deftly, "*hezzen* t' foke rownd heeads i' Kirby, then?" "Nea, that's o' maapment. Sum mafflin' fella set it agaain' yance, but it's t' sleatts ye knā et gev that bye-neamm to t' spot, 'cos the'r kenspak amang udder sooarts." "Thow's larnt me summat I duddent knā afooar," I sed, "an' I'se obleegt ta the' ;" but I thowt ta mesell, "That *is* a hefter."

I tornd rownd an' leakt abowt me, an' I cud see rubbish hills on t' fell side for a mile or mair, an' t' fellas keekin' waggins o' steanns oover t' batteries, as they co'd 'em, an' flingin' girt uns down wi' a terble clatter to t' boddom, slap bang on tul an aad howse 'at poor foke hed bin flayt out on, likely. Down belah was Beeanthet, Grizebeck, Brou'ton Tower, Dunnerhowm, t' mosses, an' t' railrooad, an' o' that. Behint was Cunnisen Aad Man, Scofell, an' a lock mair, an' a cruel lumpy country ano'.

I leet on a chap gaan wi' a jumper fra t' smiddy to yan o' t' quarries, sooa I followt 'em, an' just as we gat tul it, thay fyert a shot wi' a tremendius bang, like thunner, an' smook com up i' clouds. When it clecart off ther'

wos a hooal big enuff to hod o' Ooston amaist, an' down i' t' boddom t' quarry fellas wos runnin' abowt as rank as mice in a meecal kist. I wos fairly gloppen'd, sooa I mud as weel speeak truth at yance, for I nivver seed sic a awful spot i' o' me life. Ther' wos menny mair sic like, but I cuddent bide ét see 'em, sooa I gat on to t' fell side an' set off torts t' Chapels.

I seed a thing atop on a haymoo or shuppen or summat, like a wedder-cock, but it wos a rum'an! It hed a man gaan a shuttin wi' dogs an' gun, an' a yār afooar 'em twistin' about i' t' wind. An aad fella wos sledderin' alang yam fra t' quarry, sooa I ext 'em what wos ét dew wi' him, for he leakt varra badly, "I'se rayder wankly, ye see, but it's nobbut aad age cummin' o' me," he sed; "this yat wedder an' hard wark fairly knocks a body up, but I've wrowte aboon forty year on t' fell. I hev bin terble bad, barn, an' off wark a bit. I'se a cruel seet better, sooa ye see I gang hofe a day at furst, till I can mannish a yall un."

"What the hangment's yon?" I sed, pointin' to t' thing I hed been leakkin' at when he com up. "Ey, wy, that's a bit o' aad Bat's

wark, an' he dud it o' wi' t' hammer." "Whā's he?" I ext. "I sud ha' thowte ivvery body kent aad Bat varra near; but he's gone down now, poor fella. He was varra notable, wos Bat, an' meadd a deecal o' fancy things for different foke i' his ā'n lile smiddy. He ligg'd i' bed a lang while afooar he deed, an' ewst ta git up ta leet his pipe, an' gang back again. Yance oer, t' lile parson co'd at dure, an' ext t' aad 'ooman if he mud see her husband, as he'd hard he wos i' bed. T' aad wife sat by t' fire, an' she sed, "See 'em—see t' divvel's as like. He's rovven o' t' bed ta bits, an's lost amang t' caff." "Gok sonn!" I sed, an' I dud laff. "I'll upho'd 'em it's true," t' aad man sed. Be this time we'd gitten ta Kirby Ho', an' a queerly aad-fashont pleass it is, but we were fooarst èt part company, sooa I went forrad under a brig and away on t' rooad for a mile to'rt Beckside.

A frend o' mine yance tellt me he wos i' Kirby a lang while sen, an' he co'd at a public-house (we needn't mention t' neamm), for he'd hed nowt èt itt o' t' day, an' wos varra gyversom. He ext if they hed enny caad meatt or owt, as he want't sum dinner meakkin' riddy,

gayly sharp. "Nea, we hev nowt o' t' mak," t' landleddy sed. He try't if they hed enny mutton, or a bit o' beef, or ham an' eggs, but they duddent keep hens, an' heddent a bit o' bacon i' t' house. T' fella begun ta feel varra waffy, an' he sed mebbe she wod meakk a dish o' tea, "Ey, I dar say I can." Efter a bit she set tea on t' teable, an' a plate o' breead an' butter, sooa t' chap set ta wark ta slip intul it, but he'd nobbut gitten start't, when he showt't "Hey! mistress, ye've forgitten t' milk." She com in an' sed they hed nin, net a drop, sooa t' poor fella hed ta dew wi' nowt but a varra plain tea indeed.

I gat to t' Punch Bowl just i' time ta be oover leeat for t' dinner; but t' landlord dowter seann meadd me summat èt itt. She wod ha' warmt me sum taty hash, nobbut I want't ham an' eggs. Ivvery thing abowt t' pleass wos bonny an' cleean, cans an' tins, an' brass cannell sticks, an' chimley creann an' creakks as breet as silver. A rare good dinner I hed, an' left nea clart o' me plate, ye may be sewer. I heddent bin i' Kirby for a lang while, sooa I ext William ta hev a glass (he duzzent smook 'bacca), an' we hed a reet

good crack, ye knā, about Ossick, an' aad times. He wozzent i' sic varra good fettle, poor fella, cos he'd lost t' wife a bit afooar. Hooiver, I wos reet glad ta finnd 'em speakkin' soweel on her—I'se olas pleeast ta heear a man praise his wife—but aad Betty wos a clevver woman, an' a reet good mannisher.

A man may spend
And God will send,
If his wife be good to ought :
But man may spare
And still be bare,
If his wife be good to nought.


William show'd me t' rooad ower t' fields ta Sowtergeatt, as I hed time plenty ta gang rownd theear afooar t' train com. I ewst to ken an aad Cummerlan' body 'at leevt thar, cos she olas co'd ta see owr foke when she com to t' markut. She'd just thraan down a girt leadd o' fire eldin, she'd fetcht off t' fell, when I fund her house. "Hoo is ye, to-day? an' hoo's o' at yam?" she sez. "What we're o' middlin', I think," I sed, an' tell't her I cuddent leeave t' pleass whattivver wi'owt geein' her a showt. "Ye dud reet," she sed, "I'se fain èt see ye," an' she held t' snuff box

owt efter she'd tayn a reet good snifter hersel. She wod ha' meadd me a cup o' tea, but I heddent mich time èt spar, sooa we clattert away, ye knā, as hard as we cud gang.

I wos flayte o' missin' t' train, sooa I daarant gang to t' smiddy, but meadd t' best o' me way to San'side, an' efter waitin' a bit, t' train com in, an' I gat seaff yam i' good time for t' supper, weel satisfyt wi' me day's owtin'.

**T' POOR MINERS I'
FORNESS.**

T' POOR MINERS I' FORNESS.

ERT weltin fortunes hes bin meadd i' Forness amang thor red mynd pits at time an' time. Plenty o' foke as is leevin' now can think on when nobbut hofe a dozen aad men scrat't a lile bit o' iron ore atop o' Lindal Moor into swills, to be cart't away to Bardsea to gang i' yan er two flats across t' seea; an' t' last year (1868) varra near eight hundred thousan' ton wos gitten i' Forness. Mair 'en yan body lait't an' boor't o' ower to finnd some o' this red stuff, an' nivver leet on owte worth while—sooa it's a rayder slippery bis'ness is this mak o' wark. Some spots whaar t' muck on t' top wos red as blood duddent torn out a bit, an' udders whaar nowte but rock cud be seen, ther' wos mynd for ivvermair.

Foke es wos flait o' spendin' brass ext some o' thor jollyjists to come an' leakk ower t'

country side to tell them whaar to sink, an' to larn them o' t' likeliest pleasses to dig for t' oor. A lock o' thor off-come chaps seann began prowlin' about, grubbin' an' greavvin', an' pickin', an' chippin' steanns an' o' maks o' tricks; but at t' end of o' they wor fairly maddled an' moidert amang it, an' gev it up as a bad job. An' what's mair, nin o' them cud meakk out how t' iron oor vos meadd. Yā fella sed it hed o' settled frae t' sypins o' t' fells intul sops i' t' limestone; anudder sed he believ't 'at t' grund hed been shakken up wi' a yearthquake an' fire, an' t' metal hed bubbl't an' boil't up frae t' bottom o' some-whaars; an' a lock o' them meadd it out as it vos done wi' t' thunner an' leetnin', an' nowte else; an' thor udder fellas es toked different knew nowte, an' wor o' wrang to-gidder. This vos a bonny come up, ye knā, for them es want't to be amang this stuff es sic fine fortunes wor gotten wi', wor t' first èt try away still an' gang be guess wark, seamm as the'r fadders 'dud afooar them, nobbut they gat steam engines to wark èt boor wi' an' cud gang a parlish seet deeper.

Wy, barn, efter a pit hes bin sunken it's

meeast sayrious hard wark to git t' oor out o' t' rock, an' they hev èt blast wi' powder some chance time to skift it. Some poor fellas hes to work amang watter in t' boddom, or else doubled up i' varra lile rowm indeed, or propt atween t' sides o' t' level whaar they can hardly git a pick to swing. It's sic a sleavvish job, an' sa cruel yat for want o' air belah, that they can't bide as lang as if they wor at wark on t' top, sooa they hev what they co' *shifts*— neet shifts an' day shifts—net shirts, ye knaa, but torn an' torn about, sooa as to git eight hours of a spell for a day-wark. They stick cannels i' lumps o' clay to see what the'r dewin', but it's nea eeasy matter at t' best o' times.

Yance oover a slonkin sooart of a chap ext for a leet job o' some mak at t' pits. T' captin partly-what kent t' fella, an' set 'em to pump in a spot at t' bottom. He gayly seann funnd out 'at he'd gotten hod of a queerly mak of a job, for he mud ayder keep pump, pumpin' away or else be drown't, t' watter com in that fast. Sooa, for yance in his life, t' idle taistrel was as gradely fit up as if he'd bin sent to t' treadd-mill for a month.

Some o' t' companies hev wesh houses fit up wi' warm watter, an' an aad man, as is pension'd for bein' leamm'd, or badly, or summat, keeps the'r cleaz dry while they're o' undergrund, sooa when they come up out o' t' pit o' greeast oover wi' this red paint like, they can gang in an' clean the'rsells—doff the'r wet things an' don the'r dry yans. It's a pity but what o' t' iron maisters provid't sic accommodashun for the'r poor wark foke. It wod surprise a deal o' grand foke to see thor poor miners, m'appen twenty or thirty at yance in t' middle o' t' neet, hofe neakked, scrubbin' the'rsels to git freshent up afooar gangin' yam.

Terble accidents come sometimes, an' poor fellas git mash't to bits varra near. Ther's clubs for 'em èt leets of a misfortin or complent, but ther's a girt difference i' ther' management, for while at yā spot t' men gits ten shillin' a week sick pay, an' summat han'som' èt bury 'em wi' (if they need it), at anudder they nobbut git about hofe-a-crown a week, an' seamm to pay in at beath pleasses. It's a queerly mannisht job, that's what it is, an' caps many a yan.

Well, a body wad sartin-ly suppoaz èt thor

chaps èt hes sic terble nasty, dang'rous wark to dew, wod be glad to git yam an' be wyat, but it's net ol'as t' keass. A lock o' them can nivver git by thor jerry-shops on' t' rooad side, but mun git summat to sup on ivvery like, till they offen fill the'rsells varra full o' drink, an' feight an' fratch, an' meakk cruel hakes. When they gang away again i' t' mornin' they er somtimes num wi' bein' drunk t' neet afooar, an' tummel, an' hort the'rsells as seann as they git ageatt. Some o' t' aad 'ans es hes gitten weel seeason'd can sup up a gay lock o' drink. Ther's yā aad sinner, atop o' t' moor yet, èt can tak a reet good skin-full, for t' wife says she can't tell he ails a thing, net even smell 'em, till he's hed on to twenty pints.

A weight o' t' miners nivver gang tul a church or a pleass o' worship o' nea mak, an' t' parsons is sa terble hard wrought on Sunda's that they hevent time to lait the'r lost sheep on t' warda's. An odd 'an or two here an' there does gradely weel, but t' main ruck o' them's sic-an'-sic-like.

A goodish teall's telt about yā chap co'd Ned, es hed bin lectur't be t' maister for not gangin' tul a church, a parlish lock o' times,

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but Ned woddent. Hooiver, yā Sunda' a new preeacher com' for t' day, while t' parson 'at belangt pleass wos off a lile bit. T' next day when Ned seed t' maister, he wos riddy an' keen enuff to tell 'em he'd bin to t' sarvice, an' heeard t' freysh man. When he wos ext what he thowte on him, Ned sed, "Wy, t' man dud varra weel, I meakk nea doubt, but he hed a terble *leet colour'd* voice."

Anudder time, an aad chap at Ossick, 'at hedden't bin to church for a cruel lang while, aboon twenty year, I'll bail 'em, for o' t' priest hed bin at 'em till he wos fairly bet wi' 'em, he wos sic a stordy aad tyke, suddenly meadd up his mind to gang, an' he sat away an' sat away o' t' time, till t' priest wos through wi' his sarment amaist, an' sed "world without end." "Warl' wi' out end," t' aad fella screem'd out, reet up among them o'—an' he dud meakk them stare aboon a bit—"nay I think it's nivver gaan to be an end." T' parson went to ex him what he dud o' thattan for, an' sed it wos sic a thing to dew to behave sa badly. T' aad fella telt him t' reeason in a minute. He sed, t' wife hed putten a duck to boil, an' some payz, an' he knew varra weel

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they wod be spoilt, sooa he cuddent bide an' it meant nowte he mud speakk out. Efter a bit, t' aad man surpriz'd o' t' parish be gaain' to church again, an' when o' was oover, an' ivvery body hed gitten out, he sat away still in t' seatt, till at last t' parson com tul 'em, an' sed he wos fain èt see 'em, but what wos to dew he dudden't gang yam. "Wy," sez t' fella, "me aad mistress hes putten a hen intul t' pot for t' dinner, an' it's sebbenteen year aald, sooa I kent it wod tak a parlish girt while to git done, an' I thowte this wos t' likeliest spot to come tul to put time off." He wos nea gommeral thattan, an' he likely thowte he'd teann t' best means o' larnin' them he duddent set mich be the'r teddisum bis'ness.

Well, efter o's sed an' done, ther's a lile bit o' rowm for improvement i' t' poor miners o' Forness, an' them 'at's takkin pains to meakk better men o' them sud gang to t' cottages whaar they leev, an' ex t' wives a few things, an' then co' at t' nearest shopkeepers an' hear what they've gitten to say about it eno', an' they'll finnd a deal mair out than they're aware on. Some bleamms t' lang pays, some t' jerries,

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some t' *bad times*, bad health, bad manishment,
an' o' maks o' things ; but ther's sewer to be
a gay bit o' grumblin' amang hands.

When they've follow'd that partly, they sud
gang an' hev a toke wi' thor chaps es hes bin
meadd captins o' mines, reet tidy fellas, as
stiddy as t' aald fashon't Winster clocks, an'
they'll tell 'em mair than them o'. T' miners
gang to wark at o' hours o' t' neet, an' they
generally what pay a triflin' matter tul an aald
woman to knock them up at t' time they want.
Yā poor thing may be seen 'i Oostan trampin'
about o' maks o' weathers, wi' a lile nob-stick
to lig on to t' dures wi'. Ey, wy, ye may be
sewer o' yā thing, as ther's a deal o' quality
an' varra yabble foke es knaas lile about thor
chaps as follows t' pits. As t' aad woman
sed, "Te-a hofe o' foke duzzent knā how t'
udder hofe leeves at o', an' sooa than."

COCKLES AN' FLEEAKS.

COCKLES AN' FLEEAKS.

ME mind hed bin meadd up a lang while to gang an' see cockles an' fleeaks catcht, t' varra first time I'd a chance, sooa I set off yā day èt hev an exkorshun to Bayclay. At Dragley Beck I seed t' cottage whaar Sir John Barrow wos born, an' it leakt altert some way, but at last I fund it out 'at t' thack hed bin teann off, an' sleatts put on t' top asteed. Yan can see t' Monniment atop o' Hoad frae t' corner o' t' house, built to think foke on that ther' hes been yan dacent lad browte up i' t' pleass that's gitten forratt. T' lile house is a keeak an' apple shop now, an' t' sign ower t' dure's a queerly yan—*Parum sufficit*. "Pare 'em sufficient," I sed to mesell. "Well, it's varra thowteful o' them to remind foke to peel the'r apples an' pears, or mappen they mud hev indisgestion."

I meadd up tul a chap es wos gaain my way, an' when we gat to t' Lane House I heeard a whisselin' an' jinglin' noise in a field like a reapin' machine. I sed to me mate, "Ther's a girt change now frae when I wos a lile lad, an' o' t' sheerin' hed to be done be hand. Now, he sees, foke can git the'r grain in like nowte ameast." "Ey, wy, t' times hes terbly altert to be sewer. What, ye knā it's nèt sa terble lang sen 'at ower foke ewst èt say, 'We sall hev èt beakk two days for harrust,'—ay, an' two leadd o' meecal wos nin ower lile for owte like a spot."

We seann left t' model farm house an' t' bonny garden, an' gat into t' Priory Park. O! barn, but it's a cruel nice pleass, wi' sic fine trees, an' o' thattan, an' t' Priory towers, an' belfries, an' steeples, an' weddercocks, an' ivverything—it is a grand spot, an' it's weel to be them 'at can afford to leeve at it. Thar ewst to be a cave yance ower in t' wood anenst t' house, partly built i' t' front, an' lin'd wi' moss an' ling an' leeavs. I' t' innermost rowm of o' thar's a window wi' bits o' glass in't of o' colors, an' a skull an' cross afooar it. By goy! barn, it leeakt sa queerly, foke wor

varra near oer flayte èt gang near it. Kornel Bradyll paid an' aad chap to bide i' thar olas, an' nivver sheavv at o', an' he ewst to bring t' friends es was stoppin' wi' 'em in t' gert house, ye knā, to see this fella, an' it surpris'd them ye may be sewer. What cud they meakk on a chap i' sic a okshun 'as thattan? They mud sewer-ly think t' kornel was clean off it to keep a taggelt hugger-mugg'rin about i' that fashion, an' t' fella his-sel mun ha' bin a waistrel to pig in thar, or else oer kysty to be amang dacent foke.

Net sa varra lang sen, a young chap was gaain about mezzerin' for t' gover'ment, an' hed to gang thro' this plantin', sooa he leet o' this cave, an' crept wyatly in cos he thowte he seed a woman liggin deead, which put him in a sad pucker, for she'd mappen bin morder'd or summat o' t' mak. He'd nowte èt sup on to git his pluck up, sooa efter a bit he felt he was like to gang forrads an' help t' poor body, whaaivver it was. He meadd up tul it—an' wad ye believe?—it was a girt plaister figure of a woman wi' a barn in her arms. Somebody hed flung it theear likely.

I seed t' stags i' Bards'a Park, whaar they

hed bin cuttin' trees down, an' I thowte o' thor niggers 'at com yance to t' town èt ex riddles o' yan anudder. Yā fella sed to t' udder, "What's reeason 'at this rowm's like a gentleman's park?" "'Cos thar's sic a lock o' lile dears in't," t' chap sed. "Ey, ey, an' thar's some aad bucks, tew," t' first man clapt in; an' bless o' how he dud girn, an' o' t' foke lafft fit to brust the'rsels.

I cud see varra lile o' t' Ho', 'cos t' wo' wos sa terble heigh, sooa I fund my way to t' Bradyll Arms, whaar I wos sewer to finnd a welcome. T' bonny lile lan'lady com in a minute, wi' her yār o' fettled up, barn, an' she wos pleeast èt see me ano. She's a gay fendy lile body; an' a terble favorite amang o' maks o' foke. She hes an eye like enuff to fetch a duck off t' watter; an' if ye cud nobbut see her when t' house's full, to watch how she darts about, ye wod say she wos clean heel't an' nea mistak. Some poor thing hed bin abus'd be a girt hulkin' fella, an' she wos giein' him his neamm for nowte when I wos theer. "It's a fair sham," she sed, "a girt dummel-heead; it hes a feass for owte," an' she clickt t' glass off t' teeable an' wod gie

him nowte, an' sarrad him reet. "What's to dew," I sed, "What er ye i' sic a fluster about?" "Wy, I's mortal mad, I tell ye; a parson wod sweer to see sic wark; a girt maapy, seesta, to gā an' lick t' lad, nobbut a skarrymouch, yan may say." "Oil o' hezzel's stuff to cure that complent," I sed. "Ey, it desarves a larrapin, marry does it." T' winda wos oppen, an' I sat a lile bit, leakkin' at t' seea an' garden, an' then set off again on me jo'rney to'rt Baycla'.

Just afooar I land't theer I com up tul an' aad chap sittin' on a heapp o' steanns, pickin' lile 'ans out, an' tappin t' udders wi' a hammer, ivv'ry now an' again wrappin' yan in a bit o' paper, an' liggin' it tul yā side in a bag. "Hello! John," I ses, for I kent 'em varra weel, "What's ta dewin', man? Bless o', but thou hes wrought a lang time for a lile matter if thou's drivven to git a bit o' breadd wi' this mak o' wark." "Nay, nay, friend," he sed, "I'se nin sa badly off as thattan. I'se laitin' specimens," an' then he teakk girt pains to larn me, how like, thor shells an' queer things he wos pickin' out o' t' steanns hed been alive yance oover an' petrified, as he co'd it, many

thousand year sen. "Well, I nivver hard t' like, wy what ye knā thor cockles mun ha' follow't gangin' i' Baycla' sands a cruel lang while ye," I sed tul him. "Ey, wy," t' aad man sed, "it's sic a parlish girt while sen 'at I darent say, for thou woddent believe me." I telt t' aad chap that a deal o' foke wod likely think he wos nobbut hofe reet for bodd'rin' wi' owte o'-t' mak, 'cos I'thowte it wos a bonny consarn mesell when I first leet on 'em i' that bis'ness. Me aad friend telt me a deal mair about thor things, an' whaar I cud see t' cocklers, an' fishers at wark, sooa I think't 'em, an' seann gat to Baycla'.

It's a spot I kent varra lile about, an' I'se acquaint't wi' neabody i' t' pleass; besides, I nivver dud gang mich that rooad, i' o' me time, 'cos ye knā, as yan may say, I nivver went mair 'an a mile frae me aan ass-midden afooar leattly. I seed yā fella an' an aad wife as seann as I gat intul t' village, boilin' summat in a girt pan out o' dures, an' meadd up tul

'em, an' fund out they wor boilin' sherrimps to meakk them red. I wos rayderly capt wi' that trick now, ye may depend on't, for I olas thowte that wos the'r natteral color. I duddent let on as I'd nivver seen owte o' t' mak afooar, but I wossent surpris't foke sud like sic things meadd rayder mair dacent èt luck at, when they hed èt itt 'em. By goy! what a deal o' things a body may larn if he nobbut gangs frae yam a lile bit!

A lile lass sho'd me t' rooad on t' sands, an' I tramt away an'-tramt away till I act'ly thowte I nivver sud git tul t' cockle foke, they seem't sa near an' yet sa far, o' t' time. Hooivver, I com up tul them at last an' seed 'em at wark gradely enuff. Men and women, lads an' lasses, wor liggin' intul't as hard as ivver they cud gang, 'cos t' tide wodden't be sa varra lang afooar it wod be oover t' cockle bed, an' o' t' sands ano'. Ivvery yan hed a queerly sooart o' reakk, or cockle-scrään as they co'd it, an' he leakk't out for a lile smooth

hollow spot in t' sand an' whipt in his lile reakk an' drew out a cockle i' less than hofe a minute. As seean as they'd gitten a gud lock they put 'em intul baskets, an' then teem'd 'em in t' carts. Some o' t' foke hed nea shoes on, an' t' aad wives hed stockin's wi'out feet, an' o' togidder they wor hapt up in a varra funny fash'on.

Yā lad hed bin as keen as a whamp to let me see how they dud it, but o' on a sudden he ses, "Dusta see thattan?" an' he point'd wi' his finger to'rt Peel an' away down t' sand. "What is it, min?" I sed. "Wy, it's t' tide, ye, cummin' pell-mell, tew!" "Shaff!" I sed, "it'll bang the' if it is: thou'll nivver git to t' shore wi' that leadd." He duddent seem to keear a bit, but I wos rayder flait, sooa I sed, "Hey, lad, theer's a penny for the'," an' I meadd off at a gay speed to catch up to t' udders 'at hed begun to move off yam. Yā chap hed bin a bit off tul a girt skaar to lait mussels, an' he'd gitten a swill full. They o'

sed it wos a kind o' leatish to be out, but it hed bin nobbut thin pickin's for a day or two, sooa o' t' yall kit o' them hed stopt langer than usual. T' sky wos ower-kessen an' t' wind began to git up, till be t' time we'd gitten by t' last brog an' off t' sand, it rooar't an' blew fit to thraa a body ower, or skirl 'em round like a skopperel.

T' young divvelskin I'd spokken tul wos t' last of o', an' he hed to waad knee deep in t' tide ower t' shilla. Yā aad woman, wi' a kill-dry't feass, com out o' yā lile cottage an' she dud rip an' teear becos her aad chap heddent browte mair cockles; but t' aad fella sed she wos olas terble reedan, he let her knag away. "What's t' odds," he sed, "she mud as weel hev o' t' jangle tul hersell."

A man wos tornin' out of a jerry-shop varra full o' drink, an' if he'd nobbut hard t' conversation gaain on about 'em amang us o', it wod ha' browte 'em tul his-sel amaist. Yan ses, "Leeaks-ta at yon girt slonk, it's olas

honkin about yam when he sud be at wark, a drukken thing." "Wy," put in anudder, "it's net sic a lang while sen I seed it sa full it cud nayder gang nor stand nor hod be t' girse." "He *is* a hayler at it," sed a girt lass, "he fairly follows it seamm thing as gangin' tul a day-wark, barn."

I join't yā lock an' went wi' 'em yam, an' we seean hed some yat tea an' a smookin' bowl o' cockles on t' teeable. We wor o' i' varra good trim, an' we meadd a hake amang t' breead an' butter, I'll awarnd ye; an' we teakk a dry't fleek off a stick aboon t' chimley-piece, now an' than, an' tooast't it again t' bars o' t' grate, an' then poo'd meatt off wi' yan's teeth clean off t' beecans. We slocken'd oer-sells wi' tea, an' clean'd o' up rarely; an' I wod fain ha' paid 'em, but they woddent hev a farden. I thenk't 'em an' went to t' dure, an' be this time it wos full seea, sooa I watch't me new frends wesh the'r cockles, an' weigh 'em, an' put 'em i' bags ready for gangin' tul t' station.

I forgit how many hundert tons a-week they sent off to Manchester, Bolton, Oldham, an' Preston i' t' seeason frae o' parts o' Forness an' Cartmell; but they dud tell me. It was a conny lock, I knaa. Ther' wos nowte varra partickler i' Baycla' to see, sooa I set off to t' shore again, for t' tide hed bin gaain' out fast o' this while, an' I seed a chap amang some nets aside of a lile poo' or backwatter or summat, an' I slidder't away on t' sand to whaar he wos at. "Slashy weather, maister," I sed. "Ey, varra clashy," t' chap sed. "Rayder slatt'ry wark, thattan." "Ey, slushy, varra."

He hed doft his clogs an' stockin's, an' wos paddlin' amang watter an' soft sand o' of a slushment togidder. Ivvery now an' than he kept proddin' down intul t' mud wi' a grain't stick, an' bringin' up a fleek, black at teea side an' white at t' udder. Yance or twice he clapt his foot atop on a spot whaar ther' wos like a bit of a rumpus gaain' on in a sloppy

part, an' darted his neef down aside on it, to bring out a girt slapper. I nivver seed sic fish i' o' me life. I watch't 'em a while, but I daarent bide lang theer on account o' me rhewmatiz, sooa I telt t' chap I sud nivver grudge t' price o' cockles an' fleeks mair, now I seed how they catch't 'em. T' man sed he thowte a deaal o' foke wod ken better how hardfully t' fishermen wrowte for a leevin' if they wod nobbut gang an' see 'em at wark.

I went yam oer Birkrigg, thinkin' o' t' while on t' rooad about thor poor cockle foke, an' what I'd seen. T' time slipt away nicely, an' meadd me clean forgit my aad steann-brekkin' fr'end an' t' lile lan'leddy at Bards'a.

SMUGGLIN' AN' WRECKIN'
I' FORNESS.

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SMUGGLIN' AN' WRECKIN' I' FORNESS.

RARE dewins ther' ewst to be forty year sen. Nobbut yā aad gentlō-man at Oostan hed t' customs a leakkin' efter i' o' Forness at that time, an' nea admirality o' nea mak com forrats to mell on anybody; sooa ivvery yan dud amaist as he liked, an' smugglin' wos a gay good job than.

Yā aad fella about Leece hed been suspect't a girt while; but he wos that cunnin' niver a yan as hed bīn set to watch 'em cud ivver leet on 'em at wark. Many a time they leakk't efter him, but it wozzent a bit o' ewse, cos he wos ower clever for o' t' lot o' them.

He hed a bull-coppy i' t' front o' t' house,

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reet afooar t' winda, but bars went across to keep t' bull frae brekkin' it. T' bull wos olas keep't terble man-keen, an' neabody but them as hed t' feedin' on it mud come near er else, by goy, it shakk't it heead an' beller't an' rooart awful. It flayt 'em off gayly sharp. T' bull-coppy wos spread o' oover wi' sand, an' whenivver they hed a lock o' casks com in wi' booats frae Peel, they scowpt t' sand up i' t' coppy seamm thing as sugar, an' bury't t' casks i' nea time ameastt, an' cover't o' oover as nice as owte cud be. He wos oover many for them wos Jamz.*

Yance oover, hooivver, they pounc'd on 'im in a looan, whaar they'd bin liggin' a lang while in a dyke boddom, when he hed a girt cask o' sperrits in a coop cart, fetchin' it yam frae t' sandside be a round about rooad. "We hev the' now, Jamz," they sed, "an'

* James Reid was perhaps the most noted smuggler who flourished in Furness. He used to supply innkeepers and private families with spirits as far as Kendal.

we'll tak' good keear thou duzzent beatt us this time." Sooa, they follow't him reet away tul his aan house. "Ey, wy, lads," he sed tul 'em, "ye hev me, howivver, an' sooa a body may as weel mak t' best on it."

He telt them they'd better gang in wi' 'im an' hev a mouthful o' summat èt itt, cheese an' breead, or owte as wos gaain', an' then they cud tak 'im an' t' cask, an' dew as they'd a-mind wi' them. They back't t' cart into t' barn, an' lowsed t' horse out to leeave it riddy, an' went in wi' t' farmer. Ther' wozzent a body to be seen about t' pleass, sooa they hed it to dew the'rsels.

As secan as they'd gitten in, t' aad fella layt't t' wife up an' hed them some good ittin' an' drinkin' browte out an' set on t' teeable, an' they meadd a cruel hake amang ivvery-thing, smackin' the'r lips oover Jamz's good drink, an' thinkin' how nicely they'd done 'im.

O' this while t' men an' women foke

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belangin' t' house as hed hidden the'rsels when they seed them comin', hed gitten to wark i' t' barn, an' wor fillin' cans, buckets, tubs, an' owte as ivver they cud git hod on wi' sperrits out o' t' girt cask in t' cart, an' wor hidin' them i' t' shuppens, or peeat-house, or anywhaars handy. They likely hed bin larned how to dew i' sic like keasses. They seann finish't the'r job, an' fill't t' cask wi' watter, an' meadd o' tidy, an' then gat up i' t' hay moo, an' t' udder spots they knew on out ageatt.

After a good bit t' men com out o' t' house, an' t' farmer let 'em a horse to tak t' cart just as it wos, an' sed mebbe they wod be eeasy wi' 'im for behavin' sa weel to them. They set off wi' the'r prize, an' telt ivvery body on t' rooad as they'd catch'd aad Jamz at wark smugglin', an' takken t' stuff frae him. When they gat to Oostan they wor meeast mortal proud o' the'r job, an' bragg't cruelly how nicely they'd done t' sharpest fella i' Forness.

At t' far end o' the'r jo'rna they let t' maister see it, an' they o' wer' terbly pleass't when he telt them they mud oppen it an' teeast what mak o' stuff it wos. They drew a can full an' hand't it round to sup on, but as seean as they clapp't the'r lips tull it, they yan efter anudder began to see how weel they'd bin done. It hed a lile wakely smell o' gin, to be sewer, but they fund gayly seean they'd fetch't nowte but a cask o' watter. It wos nea ewse they cuddent mannish Jamz: he hed ower mich o' t' aad man about 'im for that lot. He sartenly wos a capper, an' cud bang them o', whativver they dud to git hod on 'im. He wos t' cleverest chap tew for feightin' an' wrustlin' as ivver ye sã; an' when a girt slappin' chap stands aboon six foot in his stockin'-feet, it's nea triflin' matter to mell on him.

Anudder time they'd gitten to knaa i' Oostan that Jamz hed land't a girt cask o' rum, an' they thowte they wod hev it this

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time. But Jamz hed frends ameastt ivvery-whaars, an' afooar t' men gat down, a lish young fella hed setten off on horseback to tell 'im, sooa t' aad smuggler meadd o' riddy again they com. They seann funnd t' cask, but they thowte they wod teeast it this time afooar they offer't èt skift it. When they brok' intul't it wos nobbut watter colour't wi' bornt horse beeans! "Done again," sed t' heead man, an' he ext Jamz whaar t' rum wos at. Jamz sed he wos welcome to o' he cud finnd about t' pleass, 'cos he knew weel enuff it wos seaff in t' bull copyy.

Anudder fella brewed ale an' sent it to t' Isle o' Man. Ivvery now an' again, a vessel wod come to t' Sandside, an' he ewst to gang down to see about it, an' stand on t' deck while barrels o' ale wor draan up out o' t' hold; an' ivvery yan, but mappen a dozen empty yans or sooa, wod be marked "BAD," an' t' fella wod fret away like a barn, an' varra near cry sometimes. He ewst èt say, "Oh dear!

oh dear ! whativver is to become o' me—bad again, oh dear ! oh dear ! I sall be ruin't, I sall, hooivver."

T' aad hypocrite meadd his fortun' tho'—for o' t' while he knew varra weel 'at them barrels es hed "BAD". setten on 'em, wos nin bad ale at o', but wos full o' rum !

Sic wark, tew, ther' wos when a vessel wos wrecked on t' shore. It meadd nea odds whaar it wos at, it gat sarred t' seamm way. Yan girt 'an leadd't wi' woo' com on t' scarrs belaa Leece yance ooer, an' ivvery-body 'at hed a mind went tull it an' teakk as mich as ivver he cud beear away.

T' warst spot of o' wos t' back o' Waana, be ten times. They keear't for nowte theer, an' *wod* hev o' t' things they cud lig the'r hands on. Foke'dud say that i' former times a cuddy wos torn't on t' shoor side at neet wi' a lantern round it neck, an' teea leg teet up to meakk it lift t' leet up an' down when it limpt, seamm thing as a leet in t' bow of a

50 *Smugglin' an' Wreckin'*

vessel, an' i' t' mornin' t' storm wod ha' sent a ship aground, an' mebbe some poor fellas thraan heigh up on t' shilla ano'—deead enuff.

Gay good brecks is telt o' thor days, but it wos slender wark ! A couple o' women 'at leev't hard by t' shoor i' yā spot on t' island wor cruel fond o' wreckin', an' as keen as whamps at it. They weren't aboon emptyin' t' pockets of any deead fella 'at they funnd ligin', an' yan wod ha' thowte it wod ha' flayte any woman body èt dew sic a like shamful thing.

A farmer son i' Waana meadd it up to see if these aad maids hed as mich divvel i' them as to rob a corpse. He donn't some sailor's cleaz an' watch't at back of a dyke till full seea, an' then crept wyatly oer to evven anenst whaar t' cottage wos 'at beleng't to them, an' roll't his-sel into t' tide again a lile bit of a gully 'at run in theer an' out again at t' udder side aboon heigh watter mark, an' set his-sel out like a drownt man.

He heddent bin theer sa varra lang afooar t' aad spiders catch't seet on 'em for they olas kept a good leakk out to see if t' tide hed browte owte likely, an' com runnin' up to t' spot as seann as they sã t' deead sailor like. T' aad teallts spied o' round èt be sewer nea-body cud see them, seamm as a weasel peedlin out efter a ratten, an' gat to wark at t' chap pockets. Yan hed just gitten her neef reet weel down intul t' reet hand britches pocket, when t' man start't greeanin' awfully, an' partly try't to git up, but nobbet torn'd his-sel ooer. By gocks! thor women, how they dud tak off, tearin' an' skrikin' an' skirlin' like crazy things into t' house. They nivver mell't wi' owte o' t' mak again.

Yã Sunday i' rough weather, t' parson hed gitten mappen hofe thro' his sarmen when t' foke i' t' chapel begun to be varra uneeasy, an' cough't, an' shuff'lt the'r feet, an' dud on till at last they cud bide nea langer, sooa a lock o' them gat up an' meadd for t' dure.

52 *Smugglin' an' Wreckin'.*

T' parson leakk't up to see what wos to dew,
an' funnd t' reeason at yance.


A vessel wos driftin' on t' shilla, an' they
hed seen it thro' t' windows, an' wanted to be
at it. T' parson showt't out to them, "Hod
still a lile bit theer, let's o' hev a fair start"—
an' he shut t' book up, an' ivvery yan o' t'
congregation ran for't.

Sic-a-tè-dew! They snap't o' up as com
tull 'em—shepherd an' sheep—beeath alike,
rivin' an' fratchin' an' sweerin' amang the'rsels
o' i' yā girt scraffle.

Ter'ble bisness! What a blessin' it's o' put
down now!

ANECDOTES.

THE WIDOW OF KIRKBY.

N extraordinary story, illustrative of the power of controlling grief possessed by strong minded females, is told of a certain widow of Kirkby Ireleth, who had crossed the sands and buried her husband in the old churchyard of Millom.

On the evening of the day of the funeral, and on her return from performing the last sad duties, she was sitting in her lone cottage refreshing herself with that universal and innocent beverage, now summed up in the word TEA ; when in stepped three neighbour women, with stealthy tread, on an errand of condolence, each with a lengthened countenance appropriate to the occasion.

The gossips placed themselves erect against the wall, like spectres in the twilight, and in

56 *The Widow of Kirkby.*

suitably solemn tones and doleful accents, thus addressed the bereaved relict. The first one said, "Well, how dud she bide it, Mary?" After a short interval the second plaintively remarked, "What, it's a terble conflickshun!" The third, with still more melancholy aspect and visible shudder, asked, "Hooivver, dud she hod up under it o'?"

After a painful pause, broken only by the crackling of the "toppins" on the hearthstone, the widow gently lifted her head, as if awakening from a reverie, and thus replied to the visiting matrons :—"Isabella Williamson, Margat Joanson, an' Agnes Mackerthet, if ye'll believe me, I rooar't o' t' way theer— an' I rooar't o' t' time I wos theer—an' o' t' way back again, and" (continued she, half sobbing,) "when I've hed this cup o' tea, I's gaan to rooar again!"

A GRAND GENTLEMAN.

YANCE ooer a cruel smart fella com tul Oostan fra Lunnon, an' set up as a barber an' yār fettler. He donned varra fine cleass olas, an' hed a terble grand white hat on top of his heead, wi' girt breadd flypes tul it like a collegian ameastt. He wos a varra fine toaker, tew, an' meadd sic speeches, 'at foke thowte he kent ivverything, as t' sayin' is.

Yā day he gat a conveyance an' dreavv to Haaks'ed, whaar he put up. T' landlord com out an' bow'd an' screeap't, an' meadd a terble to dew wi' this grand gentleman, sic as nivver was hardly—givin' orders to lowse t' horse out, an' exin' him what he cud dew for him.

T' man sed he mud hev a first rate dinner meadd riddy be sic a time tul a minut', an' he

wod gang an' leakk about at some o' the'r mountains an' things i' t' nebberhood. T' landlord thenk't 'im, an' screapp't an' telt 'im he wos his humble sarvant like an' o' thattan, an' set off in t' house to gie directions for t' dinner, praisin' t' off-cum chap o' t' while, 'cos he wos sewer he wos gaan to stop a week at t' varra leeast.

Efter a good bit an aad quaker com up frae Oostan, an' hed his horse unyokk't, an' went in t' house to ex if he cud hev summat èt itt, 'cos he stopt at that spot reg'lar when he went his rounds, an' olas co'd theer, soa they kent 'im weel enuff. T' lan'lord telt 'im if he diddent mind waitin' a lile bit there wos a grand gentleman wod be in at sic a time exactly, an' mappen they mud mannish èt git the'r meatt togidder, an' yance cookin' wod sarra beath. T' quaker sed, "Varra weel, thou can tell me when this fine stranger o' thine comes in."

T' time wos up, an' t' dinner set out, an' o'

reet an' ivverything, an' t' man i' t' white hat
wos theer quite correct, sooa t' lan'lord tuk t'
quaker in t' rowm. "Hello! Jim!" says t'
quaker, "it's thee, is't? I cudden tell, what-
ivver I mud hev, whā they'd gotten at Haaks'ed
to-day,"—an' he torn't to t' lan'lord an' sed,
"Why, thou needn't ha' bin i' sic a fluster,
thou maapy, *it's nobbet t' barber frae Ooston!*"

T' lan'lord fairly jump't again, an' dart't out
o' t' dure i' sic a way that he knock't a sarvant
lass down wi' a lot o' plates in her hand, an'
wos as near crazy as owte. "What an aad
thick-heead I is," he sed, "to think how I've
put mesell out o' t' way for nowte, an' screapp't
a par o' shoe-sooals off ameastt, an' nobbet a
barber efter o'!"

HIGH WINDS IN FURNESS.

AN old woman in High Furness was heard giving an opinion about the weather.

She said, "Why, barn, I doat knaa mich about sic things, but I niver thowte theer cud ha' bin sic wild weather. What a terble time we hev hed, to be sewer! I've a lile pig, ye knaa, an' I went out yā day èt sarra it, an' if ye'll believe me, t' wind com round t' corner o' t' shuppen wi' sic a foorce that it fair-ly tuk me an' skirrel'd me round like a scopperel, an' threw me reet into t' muck. It blew an' *blew* again, but I duddent think it wod ha' blaen me down i' that fashion. I wos a seet, ye may be sewer! an' I's nèt gradely reet yet."

A NEW FASHIONED TURNIP DRILL.

THE quiet town of Cartmel is not by any means so far behind the rest of the country in laying hold of new ideas as some people would suppose.

The velocipede mania which raged in Paris extended itself to this country, and two Liverpool gentlemen travelled to London on bicycles very early in the movement. Long before this, however, a gallant gentleman, residing less than a hundred miles from the old Priory Church, and who enjoys a large amount of popularity, astonished "the natives" not a little by appearing on the roads driving at great speed one of the many new improvements upon the old velocipede, bearing the euphonious name of "Rantoon."

On one occasion he dashed along the high-

62 *A new fashioned Turnip Drill.*

way at a terrible pace, and passed on into the centre of the town itself. An old inhabitant of the female sex, happening to be standing at her door when the strange apparatus went by, was utterly dumfounded by the extraordinary novelty, but quickly recovering from her astonishment she exclaimed, with great vigour, "*Gocks on! if ther' isn't t' capt'in gaan by on a tornip drill.*"

URSWICK TARN *versus* THE LAKE
OF COMO.

It is ever gratifying to find the love of one's own country deeply implanted in the breast of any individual, and the powerful hold which early impressions make upon the mind of the true patriot, irresistibly clinging to his heart-strings in whatever clime his fortunes may lead him. Such men are made of the true metal, that bears a higher stamp than mere sounding brass or tinkling cymbal, and it is always pleasing to record their observations and reflections when bearing upon the subject just mentioned.

A native of Furness chanced to be employed for some months in the neighbourhood of the Lake of Como, celebrated for its beauty in romance and song, and on returning to his native district was questioned about the scenes he had witnessed when abroad. Having

alluded, among other things, to the Lake of Como, he was asked "What mak on a spot is it?"—to which he replied, "Why, I've heeard a deal o' fine toke about t' pleass, sartenly ; but for my part I set nowte be't. It's varra lile bigger nor Ossick Tarn, *an' nèt hofe as nice !*"

POT LUCK.

MANY years ago, when the rural simplicity of this district had not been invaded, or even threatened, by the approaching railroad system, it was customary for Ulverston tradesmen during the intervals between one market day and another, to visit the surrounding districts and dispose of their wares, or solicit orders for goods, which were afterwards sent to their destinations by the primitive carriers of that day, or forwarded by some neighbour attending the market. So little business was done on other than market day (although the town was the great centre of trade for High and Low Furness, Cartmel, and a good part of south Cumberland,) that it was no uncommon thing for the proprietors of shops in Market Place to sit outside on forms in favourable weather, enjoying their pipes, whilst their

apprentices amused themselves by wrestling and other games, to the great delight of their seniors.

A successful and energetic shopkeeper, who had earned a well-merited reputation for the excellence of his goods, of home manufacture, had a very good connection in Millom, and he occasionally made a tour into that country to keep up his position with old customers, and extend his relations among new ones. One old wife who now and then looked in at his shop, invariably pressed him at parting to call whenever in their part of the world, and "tak pot luck" with them, but he never availed himself of her kind offer for fear of imposing on her good nature.

At last, however, finding he was in Millom again, the tradesman bethought himself of the oft-repeated invitation of his old friend, and determined to accept her proffered kindness, particularly as he was in the immediate vicinity of her residence, and it was close upon the

hour for dinner in the country places. The morning walk and bracing air of Duddon Sands had sharpened his appetite, and he was shrewd enough to know that the pride of a good housewife led her always to keep "a shot in the locker," in the shape of a supply of good things in the "buttery," in order not to be taken by surprise, so he confidently anticipated "pot luck" would be no bad fare for such a hungry man as he. Besides, in those times the expenses of commercial men were somewhat less than a guinea a day, and a "penny saved" was a "penny gained."

Arrived at the house, he met with a most hearty reception, was pressed to "tak a seeat" and "mak" himself at "yam," and the apparently delighted dame entered at once into a most animated conversation, for she was well aware of the jocose and pleasant humour of her visitor. All seemed bright and fair: there was a substantial looking pot hanging over the fire, and visions of a smoking dish

began to crowd the mind of the expectant traveller.

Time passed away rapidly ; the pangs of hunger became "bad to bide," but no indications of a meal greeted the eyes of the *gyversome* individual ; and, when fully an hour and a half had elapsed, without any offer of either meat or drink, he rose to leave, sadly against the wishes of his hostess, who was pleased with his cheerful company, and desired him to be "*sewer an' co' again*" whenever business brought him their way. The unfortunate dealer felt considerably *sold* by the absence of the more substantial part of hospitality, and he mentally resolved to decline all invitations to "pot luck" in the future.

A POOR RELATION.

A Furness worthy, it is related, a few years ago visited a relative of his in comfortable circumstances, established upon a farm in another part of the district. Whether intentionally or by accident, the visitor arrived at the house of his kinsfolk just as the family were at dinner, and was told to be seated on a sofa on one side of the room, while they went on with the meal without interruption.

The relative, who had travelled many miles on foot, and felt rather weary, did not exactly relish the obviously cool reception which his "bettermer" friends gave him, but eyed the well-spread table with wistful looks, and noticed with some aggravation that the abundance of good things was duly appreciated by those who had the privilege of enjoying them. After waiting patiently for some time without

receiving an invitation to join the assembled group at the festive board, he began to think a delicate hint as to his position would not be out of place. The master of the house had not spoken much after the first greeting, but by-and-bye he enquired how they were all getting on in his part, and if there was any news. "Oh dear, aye," replied the poor relation, with considerable excitement, "Sam Satterthet's soo hes ferried a litter o' pigs." "Indeed," said the farmer rather coolly. "Wy, wy, but it's a queer bisness ye ; ther's thirteen lile pigs, an' nobbut twelve teeats, that's t' job on it, an' they feight, an' scrat, an' tummel ower yan anudder, ye nivver seed t' like, an' efter o' ther's olas yan left out." The whole party now looked up, with the greatest interest in the story manifested in their countenances, when several exclaimed, "Well, an' what does t' odd one do?" "Wy," quickly added the narrator, "it sits on it hinder legs, an' licks it chops, an' leakks on—*seamm as I'se dewin' now.*"

FASHIONABLE BONNETS.

AN old lady belonging to Coniston recently undertook a journey to Ambleside with her daughter, for the purpose of providing the latter with an outfit. They accordingly entered a well-known shop with the intention of making some necessary purchases. The old lady asked to see some bonnets, when some of the peculiar diminutive contrivances of "the period" (*temp. Vic. I.*) A.D. 1870, were shown her. She stood perfectly amazed at the extraordinary littleness—one had almost said nothingness—of the head gear, so totally opposed to her notions of what a bonnet should be.

When her astonishment had subsided into contemptuous indifference, she ventured to enquire the price of the infinitesimal millinery productions, and she was informed of their

value in the market. Indignation now took the place of all other emotions, and she exclaimed, "What! sic a price as thatten for thor things. They're ter'ble dear, ye. What, ther's nowte o' them for o' that brass!" The attendant replied that the quantity was not considered in these articles, but that *style* was of much more importance, and it was the latter she was getting in an investment of that sort. "Wy, wy," said the customer, "ye ma' toke, me lad, as mickle as ivver ye like to toke, an' I see ye've gitten t' gift o' t' gob gay middlin', but ye'll nivver meakk me believe 'at ther's ayder style or owte else i' sic maapment!"

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